

The Compleat Collector.

RARE BOOKS · FIRST EDITIONS · FINE TYPOGRAPHY

Conducted by Carl Purington Rollins & Gilbert M. Troxell.

"Now cheaply bought for thrice their weight in gold."

W. E. Rudge, Master Printer

WITH the death of William Edwin Rudge on June 14th, America lost one of her few great printers—a man whose quality may be measured by the fact that since the first press was set up in this country at Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1638, only four or five printers may be appraised with him as peers of their craft.

Mr. Rudge came of English family, the son of a printer, whose name he carried. He was born in Brooklyn in 1876, and learned the fundamentals of his craft in his father's shop while still a young boy. Supplementing his days in the press with an engineering course in the evenings at Cooper Union, for three years, he succeeded in 1900 to his father's business.

Sensitive to art and to the design and quality of all fine printing, traditional and contemporary, with which he came in contact, Mr. Rudge gradually determined to produce books in the most beautiful form possible. This impulse was further stimulated during the World War, in the launching of excellent posters, and in 1918 Mr. Rudge purchased at Mt. Vernon, New York, a plant used for the manufacture of glass, adjacent to the tracks of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad. This one-story building he developed architecturally into the wholly charming working place that it is now.

In this gray stone building he gathered together the best available equipment, a group of splendid craftsmen, several of whom have been associated with the elder and junior Rudge for over thirty years, and here he brought to the designing of books such men as Frederick Goudy, Bruce Rogers, W. A. Dwiggins, and Frederic Warde. Working beside the skilled craftsmen and with access to the typographers from time to time were many young students of printing to whom Mr. Rudge always gave generous and sympathetic co-operation. Among these Rudge trained men are John Fass of the Harbor Press, New York City, and Peter Beilenson and Edmund Thompson of the Walpole Print-

ing Office at New Rochelle, who have distinguished their training by having joined the small company of printers whose work is found on the Fifty Books of the Year list chosen by the American Institute of Graphic Arts.

And at the press in Mt. Vernon Mr. Rudge assembled a library on the graphic arts, where historical and source books like Claudin's "Histoire de L'Imprimerie en France" and the Enschede "Fonderies de Caractères et Leur Material" are found in association with choice and beautiful examples of fine printing from Aldus to Baskerville, Morris, the Doves Press, De Vinne, early Updike, Curwen, Nonesuch, St. Dominic's, Enschede, and numerous other presses. It is a collection of books which daily stimulates those workers who drop into the beamed and panelled room to look at the finest examples of the art which they love.

In the New York *Evening Post* of January 4th, 1923, there appeared some verse which gives something of the flavor of the Printing House of William Edwin Rudge:

The Plantin of Rochelle

*Twixt Pelham Wood and New Rochelle
(Almost half-way, I judge)*

*A printer plies his trade right well,
Named William Edwin Rudge.*

*Commotress on the eight-nineteen,
Packed in too tight to budge,*

*I glimpse the snug and seemly mien
That marks the house of Rudge.*

A little lake, a wooded hill,

A square-paned cot, flash by—

*Behind those stone walls printer Will
His learned trade doth ply.*

* * * * *

Ne'er have I seen you, printer blest,

Gray-beard or squire most gay,

Nor know, in that retired nest,

What you may print all day—

Grim Freudian philosophy

Or recipes for fudge,

Or volumes sweet—"Love's Mystery"—

O William Edwin Rudge?

A page of Dickens on your hill

Is writ for all to see—

Quaint cot and sign proclaim you still

True son of Barnaby!

—M. T.

There has been much joy in work in this "page of Dickens" on the hill. Before the writer stands a little volume entitled "The Burning Shame of America, An Outline against Nicotine." This innocuous book, according to the foreword a "labor of love of a devoted band of women and men," listing in its table of contents such chapters as "Effect of Tobacco on a Lily," "The Brutal Parent," "Facilis Descensus," is chuckling testimony to merriment about the press in 1924.

Another piece of sheer exuberance, "Kidd: A Moral Opusculum," was, in the words of the colophon, "hung up" in the summer of 1922 by Bruce Rogers, Edith Diehl, Richard Walsh, George Illian, and other merry craftsmen.

Carl Rollins, in his sketch of Bruce Rogers as America's Typographic Playboy, gives a picture of the "Stowaways" gathered at Mr. Rudge's invitation one May afternoon to examine and use a small Albion hand press which Bruce Rogers had brought from England. Each Stowaway printed his "piece" on the press to take home with him, and Mr. Rollins reproduces the effort of B. R. "at his playful best":

EFTSOONES I PRINTED THIS ME
MYSELF, GADZOOKS! ON THE
XXVIIITH DIES OF THE VTH
MENSIS, MD+G'sXXI AT THE
PRINTING HOUSE OF BILLO
RUDGE.

But the reader must not get an impression of dilettantism. Work of the highest seriousness has been the constant product of the Printing House of William Edwin Rudge. Monumental volumes have come of the minds of its designers and the infinite care in detail of its craftsmen. "The Private Papers of James Boswell" (Malahide MSS) and the "North American Wildflowers," with exquisite color work printed by a new process invented by the press, named in honor of the publishers of the book the Smithsonian process, will long be unmatched in the history of printing.

What has been the exact function of William Edwin Rudge? As uncompromising critic of the work of his press, as untiring experimenter in all the means of his art, he has held to one purpose, simple in the statement, colossally difficult in the achievement: to do everything in the best possible way; to do things as they should be done. Expense, profit, all the limits of the ordinary printer, have been brushed aside by the largeness of imagination which touched

everything he did. Art and beauty were his standards and his counsel of perfection. To these ends he brought together under his roof the best designers, the best workmen, and his own restless, inquiring energy. Will Ransom in his "Private Presses and Their Books" has defined admirably the accomplishment of William Edwin Rudge: "Rudge is particularly significant as one of the intermediaries through which the tradition is being translated from the secluded ideals of private presses into terms of common use, whereby a personal exception becomes a public custom."

And so we take leave of "Printer Will," who served a gracious art most graciously; who humbly brought to the tradition of typography fruit of his imagination which will flower with the gentle books of the master printers.

M. B. E.

Announcements

THE LIMITED EDITIONS CLUB: Third Series. 1931-1932.

THE announcement of the issues of The Limited Editions Club for the third year is at hand. The steady appreciation of these publications, indicated by the continuance for a third year, is warranted by the general excellence of the books so far issued, and, taken as a group, their fair price.

The new series, mostly to be printed in this country, includes: "Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin," printed by Nash; "Alice in Wonderland," designed by Warde and printed by Rudge, with the original Tenniel illustrations; "South Wind," designed by Adler and printed by Pynson Printers; "Faust" (Alice Raphael's translation), printed by the Aldus Printers; "Droll Stories" (Le Clercq's translation), designed by Dwiggins and printed by Southworth; "Last of the Mohicans," designed by Will Ransom and printed by Hart; "Jorrocks' Jaunts and Jollities," printed by Updike; "Cloister and the Hearth," designed by Ballou and printed by Plimpton; "The Chimes," printed by George W. Jones; "Tom Jones," printed by Hildreth; "Kwaidan," printed in Japan; and "Analects of Confucius" (Lionel Giles's translation), printed in Shanghai.

The illustrators to be represented in the new series are: Carlotta Petrina, R. Clark, Dwiggins, Edward A. Wilson, Gordon Ross, Lynd Ward, Rackham, Alexander King, and Yoshimura Foujita.

The brochure bearing the announcement of the new series is in itself a very charming piece of printing. It is set in Caslon type, delicately printed on gray paper, and sewed into marbled paper covers, with paper label. For itself and for its contents, it is worth having.

R.

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A Venture in Poetry

By MILTON BYRON

WE recently made an interesting discovery about the Bookshop for Boys and Girls in Boston. We were chatting with Grace Hazard Conkling when she casually mentioned that she had been one of the speakers in a new series of poetry lectures for children sponsored by Bertha Mahony. Knowing from past experience that Miss Mahony frequently blossoms out with new ideas and that they are always extremely worthwhile, we hied ourselves to the shop to see what we could learn.

"What is all this we hear about poetry lectures for children?" we asked her. "We didn't know a thing about it until Mrs. Conkling happened to mention it the other day."

"Well," Miss Mahony answered mischievously, "they were just for children so I didn't suppose you'd be interested."

"But we are," we persisted, and she finally told us what she has been doing.

"Some months ago," she explained, "I thought it might be a good idea if we arranged an annual series of lectures by well-known poets as a tribute to the memory of Amy Lowell. I wrote to various friends to ask them what they thought of the idea and, as it seemed to impress them favorably, the idea just grew. I finally got Robert Hillyer, Joseph Auslander, Grace Hazard Conkling, Lenore Speyer, and Theodore Morrison to speak and that became the Amy Lowell Memorial poetry series.

"You see," she went on, "the whole idea was just to give a group of serious school children of high school age an opportunity to hear good poets and talk to them and draw from them whatever they could. Of course I had to be careful not to let it grow too large because I found that a great many more children were interested in it than you would suppose, so I finally narrowed it down to a group of a hundred selected students—both boys and girls—between the ages of sixteen and nineteen."

"How did it work out?" we asked. The question was decidedly unnecessary for an enthusiastic answer had been obvious in her eyes all the while she had been talking.

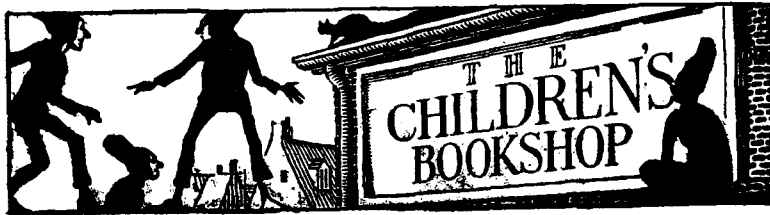
"It was marvelous," Miss Mahony beamed. "The speakers all professed to enjoy it very much and the children were immensely pleased. So much so, in fact, that they asked for one more meeting than I had originally planned at which they could read verse they had written themselves since the beginning of the series. I wish you could have been at that meeting," Miss Mahony continued, "it certainly would have done your heart good. I don't think I was ever so gratified about anything before in my life."

We were greatly impressed by Miss Mahony's last remark. She already enjoys the reputation of doing more for children in the realm of books than almost any one else, and here, according to herself, was one of her greatest achievements. We thought back to the origin of the shop in 1916 and the various educational enterprises upon which Miss Mahony had embarked since that time. The first bookshop just for children . . . story telling hours . . . lending exhibits of books . . . the bookshop on wheels . . . Horn Spectacles . . . Realms of Gold . . . lectures and exhibitions . . . and now the Amy Lowell Memorial. It was a startling record of achievement, and we decided to see what was behind it.

Emboldened, we inquired "Frankly, Miss Mahony, is there any explanation for all the purely educational work you do in this shop aside from your love of children and your fertile imagination?"

"There is," she answered promptly, "the simplest answer in the world and it is no secret, but nobody ever happened to ask me before. The Bookshop For Boys and Girls," she continued, "is one of the departments of an organization in Boston called the Women's Educational and Industrial Union. It is engaged in all kinds of philanthropic and educational work and, in 1916, it was proposed that a bookshop be started. The officers of the Union saw a need for a bookshop just for children, so they told me to start one because it would afford an opportunity for all sorts of schemes to educate children and improve their tastes in a way that would amuse them. And, at the same time, the bookshop would make money which could be used for the other work of the Women's Educational and Industrial Union. So you see," she concluded, with that sly little twinkle in her eyes that has endeared her to all who know her, "the credit is not due me at all."

That is typical of Miss Mahony, but we suspect that people who know her will stick to their original idea—The Bookshop for



Conducted by MARION PONSONBY

Boys and Girls is Bertha Mahony, and Bertha Mahony is the Bookshop for Boys and Girls.

Reviews

MELISSA ANN. *A Little Girl of the Eighteen Twenties*. By ETHEL PARTON. Illustrated by MARIE LAWSON. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Company. 1931. \$2.

Reviewed by LAURA BENÉT

THE 1820's in New England's seafaring towns were years of possible vivid experience for small girls, and in Melissa Ann's adventures the author exhibits a talent for narration as well as the ability to describe in detail—almost too much detail—an old-fashioned background which sometimes tips the scales of the story a bit heavily. The book does not start off briskly; action drags and incidents seem invented to fit the background until the wheels of the stage-coach begin to roll toward Newburyport bearing off Melissa, Lucy, and Kish, a yellow kitten. After that all goes merrily as a marriage bell.

The book centres about this little Melissa who lives happily in an inconspicuous Boston home with her grandmother, grandfather, and three unmarried aunts until a turn of fate brings about tremendous reverses which result in her going to Newburyport with her cousin, Lucy Otway. The only bitter drop in her cup of joy is that Grandmother Otway, the stately little old lady who owns the house, does not like children to "rampage." But there is a boy in the picture—Dick Purvis—the mention of whom piques her curiosity so much that she calls him "Lorenzo." It is after Lucy, Melissa, and Dick become playmates that the climax of the story is reached, for their contacts are just such simple, natural ones as children of that age would have enjoyed.

Because of its extreme naturalness and authentic background this child's revival of a past age will probably prove a favorite with discriminating little girls. Melissa is real. Next to her, the old ship joiner, Amos Pidgen, and Grandmother Otway have the breath of life blown into them. But the narrative would gain by a trifle more of individual dash and spice: it is a very gentle story, soft as the wind rustling the hundred leaf rose bush in the Otway garden!

JUST HORSES. By K. O. S. (BARONESS DOMBROWSKI). New York: The Macmillan Company. 1931. \$2.50.

Reviewed by JOSEPHINE H. THOMAS
The New Haven Children's Bookshop

"JUST HORSES" is too modest a title for this collection of drawings designed for children, and lovers of horses as well, which the Baroness Katharina von Dombrowski has made of eighteen different breeds of horses from many parts of the world. With simple line and soft color she has depicted not only equine contours but beauty, intelligence, reliability, and adaptability to purpose and circumstance. The Arabian is, here, small, dainty, and docile of temper, the noblest of his breed not to be bought at any price. Quite different is the Belgian draught horse, who is by no means an aristocrat but a fine, vigorous peasant with his high-peaked work collar. The most celebrated of the Russian horses, the Orloff trotter, which dates from the time of Catherine the Great, is shown. Although he has a good pace he is bred more for his beauty, and on a race track hasn't a ghost of a chance against the American trotter, the fastest trotter in the world. One's eye lights on interesting tidbits of information throughout the book.

Baroness Dombrowski, who chooses to sign her drawings with a "K. O. S.," has been brought up with horses. She has ridden them since childhood, trained them, exhibited them, and drawn them, putting into her competent sketches her love and personal knowledge of them. A brief text is opposite each full-page drawing, which is a comfortable 8 x 10 inches in size. This gives plenty of room for the Andalusian patiently to take his artificial attitude in deference to the Spaniard's innate sense of stately decorum, and room for the bronco, the American descendant of the ancient Spanish breed, to buck his rider without throwing him off the page.

CRANES FLYING SOUTH. By N. KARAZIN. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1931. \$2.50.

A HAPPY BOY. By BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSON. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1931. \$1.75.

Reviewed by G. G. TRENER

THE Russian cranes apparently have much in common with the peasant of the old régime, taking misfortune, hardship, toil, and death as they meet them with neither surprise or bitterness, merely pausing to draw a lesson from the affair and to add another grain of wisdom to their garnered store.

Only the brief Summer months bring freedom and peace to this feathered world. At the first breath of autumn the cranes leave their marshes and face the long weeks of flight to the lakes and forests beyond the sources of the Nile. Flying in great triangles and led by trusted leaders, they must be constantly on guard by day and night. Hunters with guns and arrows strike them down in mid-air, stork armies draw up in battle array against them to drive them from their resting places, eagles and crocodiles pounce on the weak and unwary, tempests sweep them from their course and beat them down until they fall with fluttering, wide-spread wings to the dark valleys of the cruel sea.

This book covers every sort of incident and accident in the life of a crane, and is beautifully straightforward and easy in style. A young crane's first contacts with his world, the gradual enlargement of the latter, and the sum of his experiences are entirely absorbing: in addition, old Grandfather Longnose's advice to the new recruits contains wisdom that would benefit a child as surely as a bird.

Eyvind, "The Happy Boy," like the young crane, had to eat the dry bread of harsh experience, and the story of his fight with himself and his circumstances is delightfully told. The atmosphere is clear and bracing as a glacier-cooled river, and Björnson's poems have an elfin glamour and gaiety which chime like little bells in the keen, pine-scented air of the Norwegian mountains.

The peasants take life very seriously, yet know how to enjoy it to the full. Dancing, song, and laughter are not stinted, and even Eyvind's father—inarticulate and solemn to a degree—is once moved to overwhelming mirth, and at a most inconvenient moment! The darker side of the Norwegian temperament is illustrated by an episode in the schoolmaster's life, and is grimly characteristic of those taciturn peasants to whom speech is often a torture. They cannot ease their hearts by words, they cannot use them even in the direst necessity if their feelings are involved. Unuttered suspicions cloak a man from his neighbor—grow dark and impenetrable about them, as each sits silent and apart—until love is turned to hate, and friends become the bitterest of foes.

Fortunately Eyvind shakes off this burden of speechlessness by going out into the world, before his thoughts become walled up within him. He comes home with the fruits of knowledge and experience, eager to spend his strength of mind and body in the service of others. "His faith and his work"—by these twin stars the Happy Boy sets a course to guide him across the uncharted future.

TALES FROM THE CRESCENT MOON. By MAY MCNEER and CHARLOTTE LEDERER. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1930. \$5.

Reviewed by LLOYD W. ESHLEMAN

THESE are tales which they tell in the lands of the Crescent Moon, where poppies spring among the grains, where women weave and embroider in bright color the reflections of plants that grow around their doorsteps—tales which they tell over all the country where the followers of Allah and of the Prophet Mahommed spread, where the Cross and the Crescent dwelt side by side, and the Crescent ruled the Cross.

To the people of Hungary, in the old days, came bands of marauding Germans, hordes of roving Tartars, and the hosts of the Sultans Magnificent. And the tales

tell of the fine fairs of Kecskemét and of Szolnok, in the days when trembling citizens could not know when robbers would demand great spoils, in the bright days when all the world of East and West met under colored tents in the market places. They tell of the sea-broken coasts of Albania, where the winds howl through unknown caves, and the firs on the mountains murmur plaintively in the night, and of the jewel-robbers of the Golden Horn and of the Seven Towers of Istamboul—of slaves, and Kalifs, and Grand Viziers who were turned into storks by potent necromancies.

Many of these stories have not been told in English. They have been winnowed from the folk-lore of nations and from the archives in which are enshrouded all that is known of the words of Mikszáth, Jokai, Gárdonyi, Mora, and of yet other tellers of tales who knew not any Andersens, or Grimms, or Mother Gooses, or meteoric Milnes. They are, moreover, of much the same heredity, in tone and timbre; as are the melodies of Brahms. They are, in brief, material from which Maurice Hewlett might have embroidered some fresh adventures to enliven the deeds of a Brazenhead the Great, or the feats of a Prosper le Gai, or have embellished yet some other Buondelmonte's Saga.

They are as splendidly wonderful as the startlingly brilliant illustrations by Charlotte Lederer calculated to dazzle both the mind and eyes of almost any child. These are tales, indeed, which will not fail to appeal to almost all children—but especially to those between thirty-five and seventy.

PADDLEWINGS: The Penguin of Galápagos. By WILFRID S. BRONSON. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1931. \$2.

Reviewed by IDA MELLON

CHILDREN who enjoyed "Fingerfins" a year ago will be ready now for "Paddlewings." This story is more mature than the earlier one, the mind of the author having matured in the interval; but he displays in it the same lively interest in presenting an intimate biography of a wild creature whose ways he well knows as he did there. The similes are apt, the humor captivating, the illustrations ingenious.

The second chapter is a lucid explanation of "How Some Islands Came to Be and Who Came to Live on Them," and "How Paddlewings Grew inside the Egg" is a simple recapitulation of the development of life from single cell to complex organism. Excellent geology and biology!

Mr. Bronson's ability to tell how the world looks from another creature's viewpoint is given charming expression in this tale of the penguin hatched in a cave on Narborough Island, where he is tenderly nurtured by his parents, who teach him self-reliance when his babyhood is over, compel him to leave the cave in search of them one day when he is very hungry, and coax him into the water, where he learns to swim and to catch a fish and swallow it head foremost so that its scales and fins will not stick in his throat. He meets many fishes and learns that some are not good to eat. The puffer he cannot swallow because it blows itself up to three times its natural size, and the surgeon with its little lances opening like a jackknife would tear his throat. He meets the flightless cormorants, who do not love penguins, the spiny lobsters who "sit among the rocks waving their feelers and looking for trouble," the marine iguanas whose "crawling is neat, swimming fleet, and nature sweet," and the ponderous giant tortoises. He has the exciting experience of being caught up in a waterspout and deposited far from his parents, but finally returns to Narborough, where he is nearly captured by a wild dog. Whalers and others have preyed upon the Galápagos fauna and planted among them cats, dogs, rats, and pigs, now grown wild and making havoc among the tame indigenous species.

Paddlewings is captured at last by the Vincent Astor Expedition and conveyed to New York on a ship loaded with specimens for the Zoo, Aquarium, and Museum of Natural History.

This book will broaden a child's outlook, enlarge his sympathies, and provide an early introduction to the great truths of science.

The International Boy Scout Home at Kandersteg, in the Bernese Oberland, will see some lively days this summer. From July 29 to August 8 the first International Congress of Rovers will take place there, and Lord Baden-Powell will be present as honorary chairman. Hardly one European country will not be represented and there will also be delegations from other parts of the world. By far the largest contingent will come from England, whence about nineteen hundred are expected.